

REMINISCENCE OF GEN. BURNSIDE.—It is about twenty years since one of the members of the present Cabinet was a member of Congress from a distant Western State. He had the usual right of designating a single candidate for admission to the West Point Military Academy. The applications made to him for a vacancy which then existed, were not many, but among them was a letter from a boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who, without any accompanying recommendations or references, asked the appointment for himself. The member dismissed the appeal from his mind, with perhaps a passing thought of the forwardness and impudence of the stripling who could aspire to such a place on no other grounds than his desire to get a good education at the public expense.

But happening a short time afterwards to be in the little village whence the letter was mailed, the incident was recalled to his memory, and he thought he would beguile the few hours of leisure that he had by looking up the ambitious youth. He made his way, by dint of much inquiry, to a small tailor's shop on the outskirts of the town, and when he was admitted at the door he found a lad sitting cross-legged upon the tailor's bench, mending a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. But this lad had another occupation besides his manual toil. Near by, on a small block of wood, rested a book of abstruse science, to which he turned his eyes whenever they could be transferred from the work in his hands.

The member accosted him by the name given in the letter, and the lad replied "I am the person." "You wish, then, to be appointed a cadet to West Point?" "I do," he rejoined. "Why?" asked the Congressman. "Because," answered the tailor youth, "I feel that I was born for something better than mending old clothes." The member talked further with him, and was so pleased with his frankness, his spirit, and the rare intelligence he evinced, that he procured him the appointment. The member is now Secretary Smith of Indiana, and the youth, General Burnside, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac. We should not be surprised if that boy—an excellent specimen of our Northern mudsills—were destined to hoist the American flag to its old place on the Capitol of Richmond.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

AN EXEMPT FROM THE DOUBLE QUICK.—So that's sojerin' is it?—that's what I've got to come to after I'm drafted—be draw'd up in a row with a lot of other unlucky cusses, and be drilled and jawed at by a red-headed lieutenant for three hours at a time—and nary drop of Jamaky—nary drop! "Right face," and "left face," and "bout face," and "carry arms," and "support arms," and "rest"—yes, much of rest that'd be for a fellow of my proportions—don't see it—and then "forward march"—straddin' out about two yards every step, left foot first, with Joe Barker's heel scrapin' my shin, and Sam Sharp's toe pokin' my heel, and Tom Bone's elbow stickin' into my ribs! I might stand all that, though—s'pose I must stand it, for I'm sure to be drafted—sure; but there's one thing I can't stand, and I won't stand, and that's that everlastin' "double-quick." By chowder! it put me into a steamin' sweat jest to see them fellers racin' round that forty-acre lot, with all the officers runnin' backwards alongside of 'em, and yellin' "left, left, left," and "close up," tumblin' down and gettin' kicked up again, and every one of 'em puffin' and blowin' as bad as Jake Snediker's horse tryin' to trot up Pig's Misery Hill. It's no use; I couldn't do it—I know I couldn't. Look here now, I'll show you, I'll try it on; ta'nt more'n forty rods up to my house, and I'll jest see if I can go home on the "double quick," and I'll bet you a quarter to a played out postage stamp that I don't do it.

And off he started, as rapidly as his "proportions" and his recent potatoes of "Jamaky" would allow. "Whe! piff! wheu!" he exclaimed, as his pace gradually decreased, "it's—whe!—no use—can't p'ff—do it—ugh! no, sir! can't." Here his career was suddenly checked by some obstruction against which he "stubbed his toe," and as he measured his length, or rather his breadth on the road, I could hear the unlucky Solomon pant forth: "Ugh! there, I told you so—wheu! ain't more'n—piff!—half way—tain't—tain't no use to go a draftin' me, I tell yer—ugh!—and ef you do—wheu! yer'll have to exemp' me from the double quick, by chowder!"—*N. Y. Mail.*

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD HAS DONE.—We have seen a shirt made for the Soldiers' Hospital by a little girl—the work on which would do no discredit to any seamstress. It bears the following inscription: "The little fingers of Alice Heath, of Bunker Hill, Charlestown, Mass., aged 4½ years, sewed every stitch in this shirt. She loves the soldier." It will be sent to Washington, where it is hoped it will give additional pleasure to some brave boy.—*Trans.*

STONEWALL JACKSON.—The Richmond correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* relates the following anecdotes of that Rebel General:

Here are two anecdotes about Jackson. A Yankee captain captured in the battles before Richmond was brought to some brigadier's headquarters. Being fatigued, he laid down under a tree to rest. Pretty soon Gen. Lee and Staff rode up. The Yankee asked who he was, and when told, praised his soldierly appearance in extravagant terms. Not long after Jackson and his staff rode up. When told that that was Jackson, the Yankee bounced to his feet in great excitement, showing that he was much more anxious to see old Stonewall than Lee. He gazed at him a long time. "And that's Stonewall Jackson?" "Yes." "Waal, I swan, he ain't much for looks," and with that he laid down and went to sleep.

During the same battles a straggler, who had built a nice fire in the old field, and was enjoying it all to himself, observed what he took to be a squad of cavalry. The man in front seemed to be reeling in his saddle. The straggler ran out to him and said, "Look here, old fellow, you are mighty happy. Where do you get your liquor from? Give me some; I'm dry as a powder horn." Imagine his feelings when he found it was Jackson—the most ungraceful rider in the army, and who naturally sways from side to side as if he were "three sheets in the wind."

CONTRABAND OF WAR.—The following articles are not allowed to be shipped to Southern ports:

Articles Contraband of War.—Cannon, mortars, fire-arms, pistols, bombs, grenades, fire-locks, flints, matches, powder, saltpetre, balls, bullets, pikes, swords, sulphur, helmet or boarding-caps, sword belts, saddles, bridles, cartridge-box materials, percussion and other caps, clothing for uniforms, resin, sail-cloth, hemp cordage, masts, ship-timber, tar, pitch, ardent spirits, cotton cards, military persons in the service of the enemy, and other articles of like character with those especially enumerated.

Clearance granted under bonds.—For liquor (ale, beer, cider, &c.) coal, iron, lead, copper, telegraph instruments, wire, porous cups, platina, zinc, tin, brass, nitric acid, muriatic acid, sulphate of copper, sulphuric acid, and all other telegraphic materials, marine engines, cylinders, screw propellers, cranks, shafts, paddle-wheels, boilers, coke refined, tubes for boilers, fire-bars, and every article or any other component part of engines or boilers, or any article whatever which is, can or may become applicable to the manufacture of marine machinery, or for the armor of vessels.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAMP.—A Bowling Green correspondent of the *Cincinnati Times* is responsible for the following: "A singular incident occurred on the railroad car during the passage to this place, a day or two since. A lady and gentleman, strangers to each other, occupying the same seat, soon got into a lively chat with each other. The gentleman being habited in military uniform, their conversation quite naturally led to the war and military matters in general. During the conversation, the lady remarked: 'What a horrid thing the killing of Gen. Nelson was!' 'I do not think so,' remarked the gentleman. 'It was horrid! horrid! horrid!' 'I cannot view it in that light,' replied the gentleman. 'I had a hand in that myself.' The gentleman proved to be Jefferson C. Davis himself. It would readily be supposed that from this surprise the conversation was soon turned upon other subjects."

RISE IN THE PRICE OF PAPER.—The extraordinary rise in the price of paper is causing a commotion among the newspapers. Increase of price and reduction of size—one or both—are the order of the day, and the work is probably only begun. The daily papers are generally, if not universally put at higher figures, and many weekly and semi-weekly publications are set at increased rates. The truth is, the newspapers are encountering extraordinary and discouraging embarrassments, requiring the exercise of the utmost economy in order to be sustained until the buoyancy of other days is again experienced. When ships are overtaken by a storm it is customary to take in sail. The prospect now is that we shall be under the necessity of reducing our canvas by the first of January. Readers will probably prefer a small and closely filled sheet, to present size and enlarged figures.—*New Hampshire Statesman.*

—A Lowell soldier writes home: "I think when I come home, it will be utterly impossible for me to presume to think of sleeping in a bed; but shall have to take up my quarters in the backyard, with no covering but my blanket. I call myself *some* at the washtub, and shall be willing to take my turn at that when I return. Lardin' stockings is the greatest trial I endure."

HOW PONTOON BRIDGES ARE MADE.—Pontoon boats are flat-bottomed thirty feet long, two and a half feet wide at the bow, and five feet wide at the stern, swelling out at the sides to the width of six feet. Each fits on a running gear of four wheels, and is used as a baggage-wagon for the pontoners, carrying its proportion of string pieces and of plank. On reaching a river the boats are unloaded, floated across by cables made fast up the stream, then the string pieces are laid across, from one boat to the next, and on these are placed the planks, each twenty-one feet long, which form the gangway of that width. It is a fine sight to see a regiment come to a river bank with a pontoon train, unload and launch their boats, moor them in a line, and in less than five minutes from the time when the word "halt" was given, have a bridge, say six hundred feet in length, over which an army can safely pass with artillery and baggage.

"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious General to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and now what did you do to gain this last victory?" "Do," replied Pat, "may it please yer honor, I walked up boldly to one o' the innym an' cut off his feet." "Cut off his feet! and why did you not cut off his head?" said the general. "Ah, by me faith, that was off already," said Pat.

—"General," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' partic'lar about the first drop." We have too many of that style of patriots now-a-days.

—"Well Spurt," said Quiz, during a discussion of the tax bill, the tax will come pretty heavy on you." "On me, why?" "Because income is to be taxed, and everybody knows that you're a nincom."

—The difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients—"In time of peace, the sons bury their fathers; in time of war the fathers bury their sons."

—Said a Pennsylvanian recently: "I sought the direction of Heaven and I heard a voice saying unto me Go, and I was on the point of going when Governor Curtin countermanded the order!"

—Rank and fashion may be all very fine in time of peace, but rank and file must have precedence of them in time of war.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.—GEO. W. ATWOOD, & CO., desire to avail themselves of this method, to inform their friends and the public at Port Royal, that they are now loading the schooner *Juste A. Woodhouse* in New York, with a large and well-selected stock of Merchandise adapted to the wants of the Military, Naval, and civil population of this district, and as a large proportion of them have been purchased at Auction for cash, they respectfully invite attention to their stock.

The *Woodhouse* will sail about the 10th December, 1862, for Port Royal, S. C.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT THE U. S. TAX COMMISSIONERS for South Carolina are now prepared to receive the taxes on real property in St. Luke's Parish, S. C., at their office in Beaufort, S. C., at any time within sixty days from this date.

A. D. SMITH,
W. E. WOODING,
WM. HENRY BRISBANE, } Commissioners.
Dated at Beaufort, S. C., November 20th, 1862.

REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PORT ROYAL, S. C.—The undersigned will dispatch a vessel twice a month from each of the above named ports. For freight or passage, apply to
JOHN FITTS, Agent, Bay Point, S. C.
B. H. BILBY, 55 Greenwich St., N. York.

JUST RECEIVED at the store under the Post Office, a fresh lot of fine letter and note papers, envelopes, pens, ink and other stationery; Military books, Novels in great variety, knives, pipes, brushes, and a fine lot of English and French Gloves and other Furnishing Goods for the Army and Navy.

The latest daily and pictorial papers for sale on each arrival from the North. Also, THE NEW SOUTH every Saturday morning.

AMERICAN WATCHES FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS.—The American Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., give notice that they have lately issued a new style of watch expressly designed for soldiers and others who desire a good watch at a moderate price. These watches are intended to take the place of the cheap anchors and leetines of foreign manufacture with which the market is flooded, and which, as every one knows, were never made to keep time, being refuse manufactures, unsalable in Europe and sent to this country for jockeying and swindling purposes only.

Our new watch is most substantially made, cases in sterling silver, and is a reliable and accurate time-piece. It is offered at a price but little above that which is asked for the trashy anchors and leetines already referred to. We have named this new series of watches Wm. Ellery, and they may be found at the stores of our agents, Chauncey G. Robbins, Beaufort; and Douglas, Steele & Co., Hilton Head.

For the American Watch Company.
M. A. ROBBINS, General Agent.

M. C. G. ROBBINS, BEAUFORT, S. C., is now established on the corner opposite "Shevans House." He has always on hand, for sale, the most desirable goods for this section of the country, and for Army uses, at the lowest prices.